

## A PAGE OF FUN

And They Get Away With It



## SOME RETURN.

Mrs. B.—Why didn't you keep your divorce quiet?  
Mrs. T.—Well, my friends gave me a linen shower when I became engaged, and a lot of valuable presents when I was married. Why should I deprive them of any innocent pleasure they may derive from my divorce proceedings.

## A PATHETIC CASE

Poor New Year Resolution.  
His visage daily thins;  
He's droopy at the shoulders  
And wobbly on his pins.  
With strenuous conditions  
He wasn't built to cope—  
Poor New Year Resolution!  
We've given up all hope.

Poor New Year Resolution  
Is failing very fast;  
To all who look upon him  
It's plain he cannot last.  
We hardly recognize him.  
That was so fresh and strong—  
Poor New Year Resolution!  
He won't be with us long.

Poor New Year Resolution,  
We hate to see him go;  
So young, so full of promise,  
He hardly had a show.  
With all its joys untasted,  
To pass from life away—  
Poor New Year Resolution!  
He's had his little day.

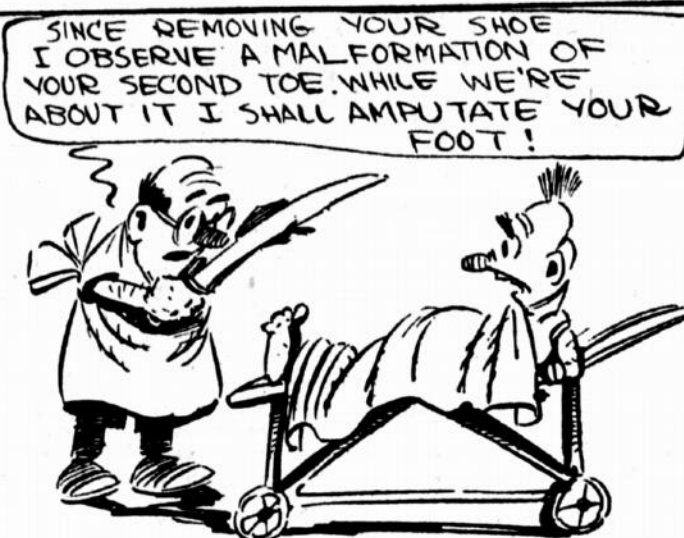
## DREAMS.

"Do you believe in signs and dreams."  
"Yes, indeed."  
"Well, last night I dreamed that you offered to lend me \$10.  
What is that a sign of?"  
"Oh, that's a sign that you were dreaming."

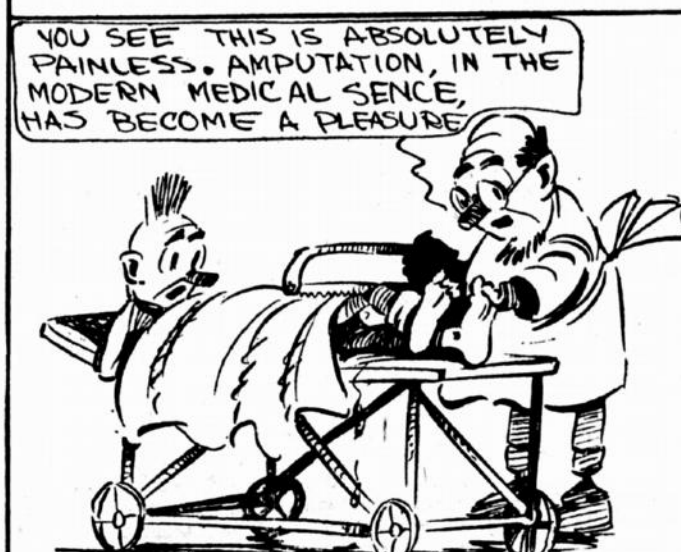


YOU'VE GOT PARITITIS OF THE LEFT LUNG YOU'LL HAVE TO UNDERGO AN OPERATION.

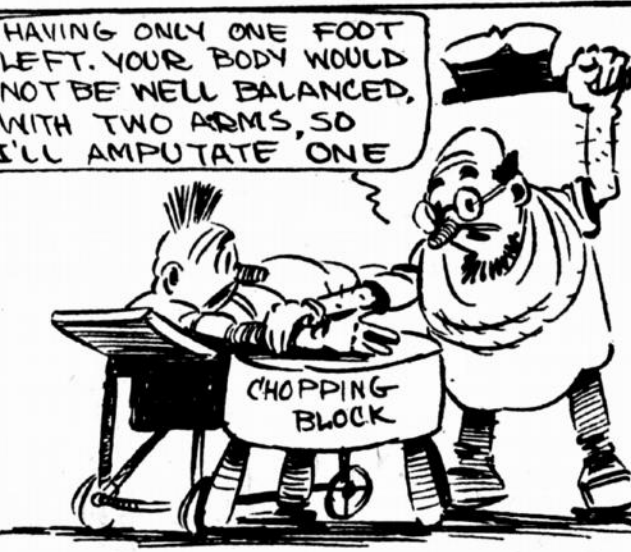
DR. HACKEMUP M.D.



SINCE REMOVING YOUR SHOE I OBSERVE A MALFORMATION OF YOUR SECOND TOE. WHILE WE'RE ABOUT IT I SHALL AMPUTATE YOUR FOOT!



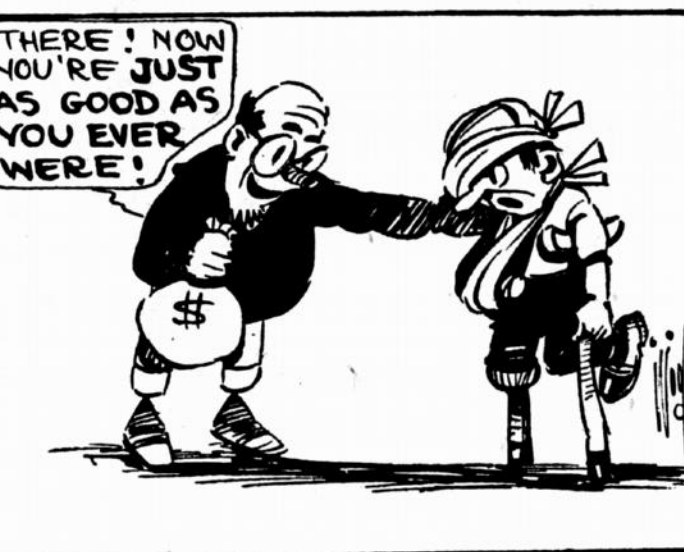
YOU SEE THIS IS ABSOLUTELY PAINLESS. AMPUTATION, IN THE MODERN MEDICAL SENSE, HAS BECOME A PLEASURE.



HAVING ONLY ONE FOOT LEFT, YOUR BODY WOULD NOT BE WELL BALANCED, WITH TWO ARMS, SO I'LL AMPUTATE ONE



HAVING TAKEN THIS OPERATION SO COOLLY I THINK THERE MUST BE SOME THING WRONG WITH YOUR BRAIN. WE'LL OPERATE!



THERE! NOW YOU'RE JUST AS GOOD AS YOU EVER WERE!



## AN UNFORTUNATE.

"Did you count your change before leaving the window?"  
"No."  
"Then we can't rectify mistakes."  
"I'm glad of that. I found after I got away from here that you had given me \$5 too much."

## "KITH AND KIN."

The father poked his head through the curtains of the sitting room, where Ethel and George were sitting. "You people must be having an interesting conversation," he said, as he noticed their heads were very close together. "Yes sir," said George, nonchalantly. "Ethel and I were just discussing our kith and kin."

"That's right," interrupted little Willie, who had been hidden under the couch. "George said, 'May I have a kith?' and Ethel said, 'You kin.'"

## HIS POSITION.

"I don't know which sort of doctor is worse!"  
"What do you mean?"  
"I mean when I feel bad. The pessimist doctor scorns me and the breezy optimist irritates me."



## FLYING STARTS.

Officer (furiously)—What the deuce is the matter? Where are your shots going?  
Irish Recruit (nervously)—Sure I dunno, Sor; they left 'ere all right!



## ON THE JOB.

Leap year is here, and without fear  
The girls will try to catch a man;  
Though many fail, they will not quail  
And each will do the best she can.



## JUST THE PLACE.

"I wonder where I can find a lead pencil?"  
"Go down and look about the furnace. Pa usually leaves one or two on the floor every time he shovels in coal."



## A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

"I think I can explain it to you. Now I ask you for a kiss. That's the initiative."  
"And I refer you to mother."  
"Um—That's the referendum."



## WISE OLD MAN.

Fifth Floor Tenant—"My how nice and warm your apartment is. How did you manage it?"  
Sixth Floor Tenant—"Got my son to make love to the janitor's daughter."

## HEADWORK.

"Some of the grandest discoveries of the age," says the great scientist, sonorously, "have been the result of accidents."  
"I can readily believe that," said the fair lady. "I once made one that way myself."  
The great man blinked his amazement.  
"May I ask what it was?"  
"Certainly," replied the fair one. "I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy you can use a fountain pen just like any other pen—without all the trouble of filling it."



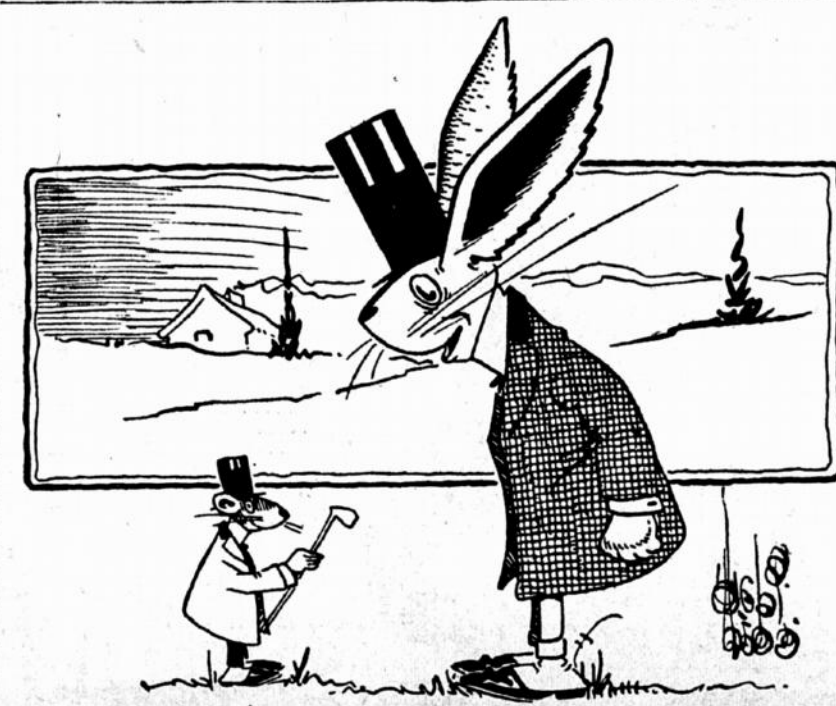
## REGGY THE DESPISED.

Reggy has been hugging the wall all the evening. He's not exactly a wall flower; what would you call him?  
A wall "nut."



## NOT FOR HIM.

"My boy were you going to throw that ball at me?"  
"Wot! I'm waitin' fer a high silk hat to come along."



## LONG EARS.

Mr. Hare—My son is up to his ears in debt.  
Mr. Mouse—Well, he's got a long ways to go, yet.



## MORE THAN LIKELY.

Teacher—What become of the children of Agamemnon?  
Little Tommy—I imagine they're dead by this time.